

I HAVEN'T SPOKEN

Much about
the escarpments
of my soul

But my
backbone and
my ribs

Jut or heave
in crooked
prominent

Ways, bespeaking
I might
suggest

More than
meets the
casual eye

TOGETHER

In bed
we thought
for that

Instant moment
our commitment
was total

No commitment
is total
our eyes

Suddenly
are searching
out

Any unlikely
inane
evasion

We neither
of us
want

To be
the first
to lie

IT WAS

Not
a skeleton
I found

It was
a skull
I

Imagined
eyes
in back

Of its
head
teeth

All
over the
earth

YOUR EXISTENCE

Is not
your own
when he

Steps
inside
the door

When he
steps
out the

Door, the shards
of
his existence

Remain jutting
out
from the walls

Jutting up
from
the floor